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and gaze—and gaze—and gaze upon his steed, his helmet and his streaming black-haired crest, as he passed to mount guard, until she sobbed aloud in ecstasy of melancholy. She never spoke to this “knight,” nor did she seek to have an acquaintance—lest, perhaps, that a formal proposal, a good leg of mutton dinner, and all the realities of domestic happiness might dissipate the sweet romantic misery she so much delighted in. A year passed over—“she pined in thought, and with a green and yellow melancholy,” entered a convent, where she died in a few months!

EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURE.

Louis the Fifteenth despatched into Germany a confidential person on a mission of importance; on this gentleman returning post, with four servants, night surprised him in a poor hamlet, where there was not even an ale-house. He asked could he lodge at the manor one night, and was answered that it had been forsaken some time; that only a farmer was there by day-light, whose house stood apart from the manor which was haunted by spirits that came again and beat people. The traveller said that he was not afraid of spirits, and to show that he was not, his attendants should remain in the hamlet, and that he would go alone to the manor-house, where he would be a match for any spirits that visited there—that he had heard much of the departed coming again, and he had long had curiosity to see some of them.

He established himself at the manor-house—had a good fire lighted—and as he did not intend going to bed, had pipes and tobacco brought, with wine; he also laid on the table two brace of loaded pistols. About midnight he heard a dreadful rattling of chains, and saw a man of large stature, who beckoned, and made a sign for his coming to him. The gentleman placed two pistols in his belt, put the third in his pocket, and took the fourth in one hand, and the canile in the other. He then followed the phantom, who going down the stairs, crossed the court into a passage. But when the gentleman was at the end of the passage, his footing failed, and he slipped down a trap door. He observed, through an ill jointed partition, between him and a cellar, that he was in the power of several men, who were deliberating whether they should kill him. He also learned, by their conversation, that they were coiners. He raised his voice and desired leave to speak to them. This was granted. “Gentlemen,” said he, “my coming hither shows my want of good sense and discretion, but must convince you that I am a man of honour, for a scoundrel is generally a coward, I promise upon honour, all secrecy respecting this adventure. Avoid murdering one that never intended to hurt you. Consider the consequences of putting me to death; I have upon me despatches, which I am to deliver into the King of France’s hands; four of my servants, are now in the neighbouring hamlet. Depend upon it such strict search will be made to ascertain my fate, that it must be discovered.”

The coiners resolved to take his word; and they swore him, to tell frightful stories about his adventures in the manor. He said, the next day, that he had seen enough to frighten a man to death; no one could doubt of the truth, when the fact was warranted by one of his character. This was continued for twelve years, after that period when the gentleman was at his country seat with some friends, he was informed that a man, with two horses, that he led, waited on the bridge, and desired to speak to him, that he could not be persuaded to come nearer.—When the gentleman appeared, accompanied by his friends, the stranger called out, “stop, Sir, I have but a word with you, those to whom you promised, twelve years ago, not to publish what you knew regarding them, are obliged to you for the observance of this secret; and now they discharge you from your promise. They have got a competency, and are no longer in the kingdom; but before they would allow me to follow them, they engaged me to beg your acceptance of two horses, and here I leave them.” The man, who had tied the two horses to a tree, setting spurs to his horse, went off so rapidly, that they instantly lost sight of him. Then the hero of the story related to his friends what had happened to him.

CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.

Historians of credit record that Germentrude, Countess of Altorf, in Swabia, from whom the present royal family are lineally descended in the male line, having accused a poor woman of *adultery*, and caused her to be punished for having *twelve* children at a birth, was herself soon after delivered of *twelve* sons. Her husband, Count Isenberg, being then absent, she in order to avoid the like aspersion she had unjustly thrown upon the poor woman, ordered the midwife to carry out, and kill eleven of them. But the Count meeting with her, before she could execute this order, asked the midwife what she carried in her apron, and not being satisfied with the answer, *Woelpen*, i. e. whelps or puppies, insisted to see them. Upon which she confessed the whole affair; and the Count, enjoining her secrecy, put them all out to nurse. They grew up, and at six years old, were by his command brought out, and presented all in uniform dresses, to him and his Countess before the relations on both sides, invited on this occasion to a feast. Then the Countess acknowledged her fault, and the Count pardoned her; but in remembrance of their accidental preservation, he gave them the name of Guelphe. From the eldest of these was descended Henry Guelphe, Count of Altorf, created Duke of Bavaria, by the Emperor Conrad II.

The following French words will be found an extraordinary anagram, “*La Revolution Française*.” Take from these the word *veto*, known as the first prerogative of Louis the Sixteenth, opposed to the Revolutionists, and the remaining letters will form “*Un Corse la finira*,” in English, a Corsican shall end it.

TO THE EVENING.

Hail! gentle eve, whose mystic sway
My pensive spirit doth obey,
Whose balmy influence bestows
To anxious thought a sweet repose;
Oh! how I love with thee to stray,
As the last glance of parting day
On dewy plain and flowery dell
Is looking forth its soft farewell;
Or when each star with glistening eye,
Is bursting through the deep blue sky,
And from the ocean’s placid bed
The moon uplifts her radiant head.

And oh! sure now is the fittest time
To weave the sympathetic rhyme;
The busy hum of day is past,
And thou, mild eve, art come at last;
And bringest with thee such gentle voice,
As may the poet’s breast rejoice.
The streamlet rushing through the glade—
The merry song of village maid—
The breezy murmur of the grove—
The red-breast warbling to his love—
The rippling gladness of the wave,
That seeks its own loved rock to leave—
These, and a thousand sounds like these,
Make up, sweet eve, thy harmonies.

Oh! be it mine, inspired by thee,
To wake the flute’s soft melody;
And breathe along the shadowy plain
To fancy’s ear the grateful strain;
Or, glowing with a nobler fire,
Pour the full raptures of the lyre,
And to the great Creator’s praise,
Devote its bold and venturous lays,
Whose word alone bade those bright worlds arise.
To shed their blazing glories through the skies.

EDWIN.

DUBLIN:

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